

HIDDEN TREASURE

By DAVID WHITE-LAW

A NEW SERIAL OF LOVE, MYSTERY AND ADVENTURE.

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Synopsis of Previous Chapters

Vivian Benton and Eddie Haverton, modern soldiers of fortune, were rumbling with Hubert Baxton, a prosperous attorney, in his London apartments. After their departure late at night Benton returns to the house, murders Baxton and hides the body on the roof. While waiting for night to come again in order to make his escape, he finds in a desk a curious old yellowed document telling of a mysterious chest left in the care of one of Baxton's secretaries by a French nobleman, the Marquis de Dartigny, of the Chateau de Dartigny.

The chest has been handed down from one generation of Baxtons to another and Hubert Baxton died in the hope that some day its rightful owner will be found. Benton decides to pore as the missing link and claim the chest. He goes to France to make some needed inquiries about the Dartigny family.

The story of the mysterious chest goes back to the troubled days of the French Revolution when the Marquis was active in the famous secret society of the chateau. His son Gaston, who was active against the Paris Terrorists, learned his father's life was threatened and sent a friend, René Peracout, to convey him and Gaston's little daughter Sylvia to England, where they were pursued by an evildoing revolutionist. After vainly trying to detect this pursuer René finally attacked him and turned him off. Later René shot him. The next morning the Marquis and little Sylvia sailed for England, where they were turned over to the Baxtons for safe keeping. Now, more than half a century later, Hubert Baxton's murdered body is found, but the police have no clue to the man who killed him. In order to learn what he needs to know about the Dartigny family, Benton comes to Macleod, where he meets a Frenchman. He visits Canada, where he learns that one of the Dartigny family has gone.

Dartign presents his fictitious claim to Benton Baxton, the new head of the firm of Baxton & Co. They are

les, and inserting the point of the poker he used it as a lever. The oak was stout and the workmanlike tool, but perseverance won the battle, and with a creak of protest the wood splintered and yielded up its secret.

A little cloud of dust rose as Vivian stretched off the lid, and when he opened it he noticed a curious scene on his eyes. A few pieces of gold and silver plate, richly chased and of exquisite workmanship, gleamed through wrappings of decayed and crumbling cloth. There were also a few worn-out leather, torn, containing quaint old brooches and necklaces, and a small, round, silver box, which, dented with age, as though the stones had deformed of every evening, lay in the center. He looked at it regarded them with a distinct air of disappointment, creeping over him, as one by one he lifted out the treasures.

After all, a certain pangment when he knew in Algonquin would give him, perhaps, a thousand pounds for the chest, and if it stood "forever" as not generous where ancient jewel sets are concerned, and the melting of the chest would be a loss of thousands and carous workmanship. Why had the chest been hidden here? Had it been taken from Martine Terrace to prepare for this coup, apart from the chest, it was distinctly disappointing.

He sat silent in an old heron's nest, and he looked at the chest. The chest had been hidden in the old days of the chest, and he looked at the chest. The chest had been hidden in the old days of the chest, and he looked at the chest.

He broke off in his thoughts as he saw a small square of parchment partly hidden beneath one of the leather cases. He had not noticed it before and he took it up with interest. It was tied by a faded ribbon to the chest, and he looked at it. It was a piece of parchment, and he looked at it.

He had been told that the chest was hidden in the old days of the chest, and he looked at the chest. The chest had been hidden in the old days of the chest, and he looked at the chest.

left brushwork of his agreeable acquaintance. Vivian had given him a slight sketch of the chateau towers showing above the trees, and the old fellow, to whom Chaville and all pertaining to the chateau were of no account, had become the painter's very slave for it.

Henri, seated beside him this summer afternoon, watched the artist in a faint content. Beside him was a box of pigments and a bottle of charcoal. The sun beat down through the vines and the trees, and the artist was painting the chest. The chest had been hidden in the old days of the chest, and he looked at the chest.

Vivian, skilfully touching in the purple shade beneath a clump of poplars, was speaking carelessly. He did not take his eyes from his sketching board.

"I'm glad you like the little drawing, Henri. I'm not artist, but, 'Ah! monseigneur!' is the chateau. I love, not the art, but the chateau. Henri, I'll do it for you, if you like. I'll do it for you, if you like. I'll do it for you, if you like."

And so it was that on an afternoon when the September sun made level the old carvings of the Chateau dining room, Monsieur Baptiste Dartign stood for the second time in the ancestral home of the Dartigns. He had entered, warmly, to the extent of his power, the old days of the chest, and he looked at the chest.

He had been told that the chest was hidden in the old days of the chest, and he looked at the chest. The chest had been hidden in the old days of the chest, and he looked at the chest.

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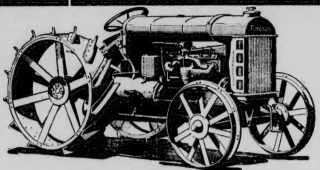
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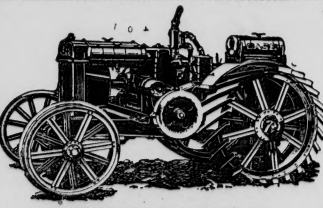
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(Continued from Page Two)

ent of arms in the stone work. Here the new resident, who was to Phillips, had respected history, and this broken and defaced shield of the Dargers now remained to remind one of the days of the Revolution.

It was old Henri, too, who suspected the subject of the sketch, the angle to the right of the great stone hearth, with its rich coloring of oak and the little grouping of dim family portraits. There was a beam of sunlight that came athwart the room and Henri could hardly repress a start as he saw that this rested upon an exquisite carving of a cornucopia, and in the fruit that was tumbling from it an apple showed prominently.

He chose a position by the table, facing the fruit he was so eager to examine. Surely never, since the historic apple of Eden, had fruit, such a fascination for a man. The painter could hardly hide his irritation when he saw that old Henri, taking a seat near him, produced his cigarettes and settled down to enjoy the painting.

For an hour or two work went on steadily and silently, then the caretaker rose and stretched his limbs. He had worked that he must attend to—perhaps tomorrow would come back and finish the sketch. In the mind of the old servant no shadow of suspicion, but there was an unformed idea at the back of his head that it was hardly right to leave him there, but as he was such a gentleman, and if he offended him he would stand little chance of possessing the picture that was progressing so well in the artist's sketch-book.

"Only another half-hour, Henri; the light of this setting sun is splendid—look at that golden ray on that old soldier's coat in the portrait—I can let myself out if I don't see you. And it was said in such simplicity that the caretaker, entirely distracted, hesitated no longer.

The door of the dining-room closed behind him, and the artist, waiting a moment, rose warily and tiptoed to the window. He could make out the best figure of the old man crossing the garden and watched him until he disappeared into one of the farm buildings which showed across a meadow of parched grass that was seeped from the gardens by a few faint rays of light.

It was some moments before Vivian's strong fingers could make an impression on the carved apple—after which he had been chasing a shadow. Then, suddenly, a little crack, and he imagined that the wood beneath his hand moved; heads of money piled out on his forehead as he verified this, then the top of the apple unceremoniously came away in his hand.

He gave a little cry of surprise, then he saw that he had drawn out the key which he had found in the chest, and which he had suspended round his neck in a ribbon. He was not surprised that it fitted the keyhole that came to light behind the carving—nothing would surprise him now—and he told himself that he had succeeded and that he was on the threshold of wonderful things. A hasty glance at the window showed him the old man still at work in and out of the barns across the meadow.

Vivian carefully felt the wards of the key from a tiny coil he took from his pocket, and, after a few attempts, the heavy key turned gracefully—there was a rattle of locks. The man started in wonderment—nothing had happened.

Then his eyes travelled to the fireplace. The large slab that comprised the back of the deep grate had rolled aside, displaying a cavity through which he could, with stooping, creep. It seemed to yawn invitingly. He thought rapidly and decided that what was to be done had better be done at once. It would take old Henri at least ten minutes to return, even if he started back at that moment, and Vivian could see that the old man had returned to his wood-chopping and was hardly likely to leave the job he had put off to reach the sketching.

Vivian tiptoed across the hearth and, bending nearly double, passed through the aperture.

A circular chamber, choked with the accumulated dust of ages, perhaps ten feet in diameter and with stone walls which narrowed up, meeting in a small dome about a dozen feet above his head. Vivian told himself that he was in one of the round towers, which formed the corners of the chateau. The air was heavily breathable, and it was so cold after the sunshine of the room that Vivian shivered slightly.

He came out again almost immediately into the dining-room and passed out through the French windows into the garden. He called to Henri and waved farewell, then turned the corner of the tower. There he waited out of sight, watching until the old man—servant entered one of the barns, when Vivian returned to the dining-room unperceived. He screwed the apple again into its place and slipped back to the little chamber. There would be nothing now to make Henri return to the chateau, imagining, as he would, that the painter had gone, and Vivian could work in peace.

In his varied career many jewels had passed through the hands of Vivian Renton, but never such priceless gems as these which he was searching from their hiding places every minute. Diamonds of a size which pointed to their being historical pearls matched into strings, emeralds and rubies with three out of their hidden stories to meet the gaze of Vivian's tiny electric torch, as though overjoyed at their release. There were vessels, too, of gold and silver richly carved and curiously designed, fragments of these he had found in the chest; jewelled robes and delectable objects of the richest workmanship. Pictures, too, the value of

which Vivian could only guess at, were stacked against the walls, and books and jewel-encrusted diadems were heaped together with other objects in heaps which glittered daily under the thick layer of dust which covered everything like a pall.

Vivian sat on an old oaken chest, upholstered. Here were riches that would make Monte Cristo blush in envy. With this wealth at his disposal the freedom of the world was his, his friendships, pleasures, titles, were at his bidding. The man could hardly believe that within a few feet of him the sun was setting over a fair garden in which an unsavoury old man was chopping wood, and that even in this little chamber he was still in the twentieth century.

How long he sat there he could not tell, and it was the sight of a grating in the stone floor which called Vivian down from the airy turrets of his imagination. This grating was, perhaps, some twenty inches square, and as the man bent down and threw the rays of his pocket electric torch upon it, he could make out, beyond the rusty bars, the shadowy form of the topmost step of a flight that led down into obscurity. He took a franc-piece from his pocket, and dropped it into the iron network and listened.

From the reverberations before the came to rest the man judged the well-like opening to be of some considerable depth.

Vivian seized one of the bars, and leaning back exerted all his strength. For a moment the casket held; then, with a sudden jerking, came away, and the man was thrown violently backward. He staggered to the entrance, trying to gain his balance; then, as he fell, his elbow came in sharp contact with the sliding ring of the entrance. Vivian all but cried out at the pain, and, too late, he saw the solid mass of masonry and iron, set in motion, doubling, by his fall, swinging into place. There was a dull clang as it stopped.

Even then he did not go to Vivian. He was too busy to notice that only after a fruitless search that he came to the conclusion that his treasure-house had failed to become a tomb. As the significance of this came home to him little beads of cold perspiration broke out over his body and he tottered weakly to one of the iron-clamped chests.

It seemed to him that he had succeeded only to fail; that there was nothing for him but to attend to the attention of old Henri. Even then it might be impossible for the old man to release him without the key, which Vivian felt pressing cold against his breast.

He thought that even if he escaped the hideous death which forced him he would lose the riches which he had risked so much to gain. He imagined himself dying by riches, ravaged by hunger and thirst, and mocked by the gleaming jewels around him. For a few moments despair seized the soul of Vivian Renton, and he closed his head buried in his hands.

It was not long before the reaction came. There was time before him and the grating promised more than a ray of hope. Fortunately, the sketch in the dining-room was finished, and old Henri would see nothing suspicious in the paint-box and book left open awaiting his completion, taking it for granted that the painter would return. The prisoner did not wait to ask himself what he would find at the foot of the dark stairs behind the iron bars. It had never been his motto that troubles anticipated were twice before, and that bridges were made to be crossed as one came to them—not before. He found his way to the door that he had the leverage of the loose bar to assist him. In half an hour Vivian was ready to re-enter the room part of the man's character that he should take the pick of the stones before he left the chamber. He had then carefully, thrusting them in his big pockets of his painting-coat. Then he stood on the top step.

Then, and not till then, did he pause.

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OF particular importance to the women of the West is the women's section of THE CALGARY DAILY HERALD.

THIS department maintains the policy of giving constructive impetus to the woman's movement in the careful and accurate reporting of women's activities and in giving publicity to the work undertaken by women's organizations.

THIS department covers a wide field and includes not only the Women's Institutes, U.F.W.A. and Red Cross throughout the province. News, both foreign and domestic, of general interest to women can always be found on the women's pages, and in addition many special features devoted to the housewife, the home seamstress, home nursing and the problems of parents as well as a special juvenile department for the kiddies.

THIS strong department makes The Herald especially a paper for every home in the west.

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his face showing drawn and anxious in the thin blue light. What was he fated to find below? His indecision was but momentary, and shrugging his shoulders with an action that spoke of the fatalist continued his way.

There were eighteen steps in all, but they were high and narrow and the descent was sharp. At the foot an opening led apparently beneath the body of the chateau. With great extended before him Vivian proceeded. After a few moments the air grew colder and darker, and he was aware that he was descending. At intervals he passed other narrow little tortuous alleys, many of which he explored for a few feet, only to return to the main way. More than once, too, a pit yawned suddenly at his feet, and he had not been for his inherent caution the Chateau Chaud he would have added yet another secret to its dark history. It was evident to Vivian that the builders of the building, placing, deeming it necessary that an emergency exit should be at hand, had made it so that while egress difficult ingress was well-nigh impossible to those not knowing the pit-hole and the way of it.

It must have been after an hour's walking that the walls on either hand seemed to recede for Vivian until at last they were lost in the gloom beyond the reach of the rays of the little torch. Apparently the tunnel had widened out into a chamber.

The man hesitated, somewhat mystified by the loss of the friendly walls, and at the same moment his feet came sharply into contact with some obstruction. He stumbled, the light fell from his hands, a thousand stars danced before him. He came to himself in bewilderment. The darkness closed upon him seemed in the silence to be pressing on him. He had ached abominably, and there was a wound in the centre of his forehead that was warm and sticky to his touch. Slowly it all came back to him, and he knew he must have struck his head as he fell. He was weak, groping in the darkness in the hope of finding the torch unscathed. In this he was disappointed, but he made the discovery that he was lying beside a perpendicular structure of masonry, which, raising his hand, he found to be the support of what felt to be a table of stone, low and broad built.

Painfully he drew himself up on to his knees and so to his feet. Again his hand felt sticky for his eyes and a little cry of horror broke from the man's dry lips.

Beneath a touch if his sensitive hands a form was taking shape—the unmistakable shape of a coffin. It seemed to recede, low and broad built, could make out the dim outlines, the sinister bulge of the sides. Fearfully he dropped to his knees and groped for the friendly torch. Light to him had suddenly become as necessary as food to a starving man. The walls of darkness hummed him in so that he felt that he, too, was in a coffin; then he remembered that in his pocket were a few wax tapers. He struck one upon the stone slab and

gazed round him as he held the flickering wax above his head.

Row upon row they lay, that noble army of dead Partys, the square ends of their earthly resting places standing out each from its little niche. The slab before him lay the exact he had before him, a flag shrouded in sombre pagantry.

Vivian Renton was not a nervous man, and although the hand which held the flame trembled a little and held the place with dancing shadows he felt no fear. After all, one living man was more than a match for a whole army of dead warriors. By the light of the match he recovered his torch, which, to his relief, he found not to have melted, and he began a systematic investigation of his surroundings.

He knew quite well, now, where he was; old Henri had shown him the chapel in the grounds of Chateau, through the floor of which the dead of the house of Dargies had from time immemorial

been lowered to their last resting place. The old man had, by way of a lever concealed in the stonework of the railing, swung back the marble slab which covered in the vault so that the visitor might gaze into the gloom below—and, with a start, Vivian remembered that the mechanism had in some manner stuck and refused to move when the caretaker came to replace the slab.

Henri had told him that he would have to send into Blais for the lock, and the man in the vault, as he held his torch high, wondered whether this had yet been done. Above him, the oblong cut in the roof showed darkly, and at one end a corner of the partially closed slab was visible. Here, then, he told himself, was his one means of escape.

The distance, he judged, was not more than ten feet, the stone table reduced to eight, and Vivian himself was but two inches short of six feet. He unwrapped from his waist the sash of red silk, which to sustain his

(Continued on Page Six)

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PHONE 8

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(Independent in Politics)

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S. DILLINGHAM, Editor and Editor

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THURSDAY, APRIL 14th, 1921

The vain attempt of the Hungarians, Charles, to regain the crown of Hungary, a mere battle, fought with the never-ceasing propaganda which Budapest is sending forth to regain her former territorial conquests. Over it is stamped an implacable relation which is envenoming the people against the Allies, and creating in these people an unquenchable sense of loss. For what they have lost was never rightly theirs. But this "national" propaganda has now taken a turn for the worse in the aggressive statutory by Hungary's foreign, and which has been set up in a public square of the capital. Hungary, after taking a hint from the Place de la Concorde of Paris, Hungary has represented the "lost provinces" in statutory groups which are not merely false history, but an open defiance of the allied decrees. These groups, called after the four points of the compass, convey inflammatory protests against the "four big" of Tientsin, Japan, Russia, and even against the "Austrian" Hungary, it is declared, is spending vast sums of money on her new treaty, but in this of the "lost provinces" the Magyars will look in vain for sympathy in the rest of the world. The Inter-Allied Commission might do worse than give its early attention to this menace to European tranquility.

Some people like to study Bradshaw, others are content with the simpler railway time-table. Others turn to blue books for their light literature, but for real enjoyment none can compare to a flip day with Whitaker's Almanac, or the more concentrated learning of the Whittaker's.

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SUBSCRIBERS PAYING FOR THE TIMES DURING THE WEEK

Following are the names of those paying subscriptions to The Times during the past week:
Mr. Hunter, Spring Point; Mrs. J. Ringland, Macleod.

U. S. FARMERS ARE STRONG FOR CO-OP. MARKETING

CHICAGO, April 8.—Division of the grain growing sections of the country into 21 districts, grouped around grain market centers, each with a director as representative on the farmers' co-operative marketing organization, was submitted today to the committee of seventeen to the farmers' delegates assembled to form the co-operative system.

When the districting has been approved, delegates from each section will caucus, it was said, and choose their director and these will form the controlling body in the national body.

Debate on the compulsory pooling of the national body has been planned and other disputed points left to the delegates until late last night.

All attempts to amend the optional pooling recommendation of the committee of seventeen were shot down.

CHICAGO, April 8.—Unification of the great growers of the country behind the national co-operative grain marketing corporation voted here yesterday, when delegates from 100 counties and in making even coarse food quite palatable.

Reading the advice to the farmers that a feature of some nature, and would imagine that the author was some old maid who would give a week's salary for one good light squeeze with trimmings.

A man died from the effects of eating a cake of soap and a newspaper. It is a mere battle, fought with the never-ceasing propaganda which Budapest is sending forth to regain her former territorial conquests. Over it is stamped an implacable relation which is envenoming the people against the Allies, and creating in these people an unquenchable sense of loss. For what they have lost was never rightly theirs. But this "national" propaganda has now taken a turn for the worse in the aggressive statutory by Hungary's foreign, and which has been set up in a public square of the capital. Hungary, after taking a hint from the Place de la Concorde of Paris, Hungary has represented the "lost provinces" in statutory groups which are not merely false history, but an open defiance of the allied decrees. These groups, called after the four points of the compass, convey inflammatory protests against the "four big" of Tientsin, Japan, Russia, and even against the "Austrian" Hungary, it is declared, is spending vast sums of money on her new treaty, but in this of the "lost provinces" the Magyars will look in vain for sympathy in the rest of the world. The Inter-Allied Commission might do worse than give its early attention to this menace to European tranquility.

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Will Repeat This Clever Comedy

On account of the tremendous success of the three-act comedy "Mrs. Temple's Telegram," which was held at the Empress Theatre on Tuesday evening, the Macleod Dramatic Society has been specially requested to repeat this famous play next Tuesday night, April 19th, at the Empress Theatre, proceeds of same to be given to the Macleod Hockey Club. To the society was a success in putting it on, the audience was kept in the theatre until the finish of the play. If you did not see this play last Tuesday see it next Tuesday, if you don't think it's worth the price of admission then demand your money back at the door. Read the press reports in this issue. Hear what people say who witnessed the comedy. With out doubt the finest amateur production that has ever been produced in Macleod.

This is where you get a chance of seeing a two dollar show for fifty cents. Note the price of admission. Reserved Seats, 75c; General Admission, 50c; Children 25c.

Your local dramatic society is giving their time and services to assist the Macleod Hockey Club from both intellectuality, which you know was caused by the very short season of hockey weather in this town. We feel sure the Macleod people will fall in with their plan and at the same time assist a good local team who are in need of a hole.

Everybody come.

The only side of the money question we hear is the one that the Godless of Liberty is on. The other side doesn't talk.

THE FARMER'S WIFE
BY A U.F.A. MEMBER

Said Nellie one day, My little wife,
I've found some dandy hay,
None such I've seen in all my life,
I'll give you a picture of it,
If you could only come with me,
It would not take me long,
The best will soon be gone.

So Nellie Brown, she labored on,
No day for him to come,
She'd cook, she'd wash, she'd milk and churn,
And help to make the hay,
But neighbors knew this could not last,
For Nellie began to fail,
Her system it was breaking fast,
Her cheeks were turning pale.

One day she said to Jimmy Brown,
"Don't you, I'm not at all,"
And if you're going into town,
The doctor you might tell,
Perhaps as well to send him out,
He'll see what he has to say,
I'll wait here with a double doubt,
But how he'll take the day.

The doctor's car, it swiftly rolled,
O'er prairie roads in haste,
When Brown the symptoms he had told,
There was no time to waste,
The car it sped to roll and roar,
At Nellie's little shack,
He opened up the door,
At once was taken back.

His practised eye saw at a glance,
While Nell was racked with pain,
He opened the only chance,
And this seemed half in vain.
A capture, system broken down,
No strength left for the fight,
All brought about by Jimmy Brown,
Who thought he'd do the right.

With weak and weary heart,
He opened the only chance,
And then the door drew down,
And then the door drew down,
His darling little Nell,
But she's beyond the reach of pain,
In God's own heavenly jail.

Don't blame poor Jimmy Brown, my friends,
He thought he acted square,
And may could he but make amends,
Himself he would not spare,
Life's struggle blinded him to all,
His happy, merry have been,
That now lies far beyond recall,
Let not forget the scene.

Now farmers, let us one and all,
A lesson from this learn,
While here and there at every call,
Our own cause never again,
Now become an active member,
Not just a hanger on,
Is a struggle just remember,
Let it not all be gone.

Pray tell me what on earth's the use,
To tell from day to day,
And rack our brains to find excuse,
For bills we can't pay,
And other fellows grab the dust,
That should be yours and mine,
We men, put up a fight, or just,
For surely it is time.

Important Notice To All Farmers

At the School of Agriculture, Chesham, Ontario, Canada, may be procured for the inoculation of the different kinds of legume seed—price a bottle 25c—by applying to the principal. It is a well-established fact that each legume requires a particular kind of bacteria to produce the most vigorous growth of the stem, leaves and seed. In order to secure the necessary kind of bacteria in the soil in which a particular kind of legume is to be grown, the immediate inoculation is recommended. From the first of April to the end of June these cultures are prepared for the inoculation of Alfalfa, Field or Garden Peas, Red Clover, Sweet Peas, Anise, White Sweet Clover, Crimson Clover, White Dutch Clover, and Soy Beans. Complete instructions for the use of these cultures are supplied with the cultures. A charge of twenty-five cents for each culture is made, which contains sufficient bacteria to inoculate sixty pounds of seed. All orders accompanied by Postal Orders should be directed to the Principal, School of Agriculture, Chesham, Ontario, Canada.

Lots of people can't express what they think—and too many don't think what they say.

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FRIDAY & SATURDAY
MABEL NORMAND
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"A SLIM PRINCESS"
Story written by George Ade

Mabel Normand in a harlem scene, a picture of a slim princess in a fat country.

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Episode No. 3
"The Dead Man's Story"

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"JUNE MADNESS"

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Based on the poem by ROBERT W. SERVICE
"HAROLD LOYD"

in special 2-reel comedy
"GET OUT AND GET FORD EDUCATIONAL—"

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Prices—
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WED. AND THURS.
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CONWAY TEARLE
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A photo play that proves the statement, "Everything comes to him who waits." Don't wait but go and see it.

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CAPITOL COMEDY
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Have brought good health to half-a-million sufferers.

A healthy, money-saving remedy, well known for fifteen years, prescribed by doctors, sold by drug stores, \$1.00 a box. Ask your agent to write for a free trial package. Templeton, 142 King W., Toronto.

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You can't expect to inspire confidence in others if you haven't confidence in yourself.

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BRINGING UP FATHER

WHAT TIME WILL YOU CALL FOR ME?
I'LL BEAT YOUR HOUSE AT EIGHT
IN JUST CRAZY FOR YOU TO SEE MY COSTUME!

ALL BE RIGHT DOWN EARLY!
IT ISN'T EIGHT O'CLOCK YET!

WELL, I THOUGHT I'D BETTER GET TO THE BALL AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

I WISH I COULD TAKE MR. JIGGS WITH ME!

I WONDER IF HE IS FOLLOWING ME? I'LL LOOK AROUND WHEN I GET TO THE MEAL TOWN!

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By G. McManus

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At RIGHT PRICES**

**PHONE 91
THE MACLEOD TIMES**

Home, Health and Beauty

"Re-Locating" A Kitchen

(By Mrs. Christine Frederick, The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.)

March is the month of house-furnishing sales and the season of the year when every householder begins to think of "springing up," not only in the main rooms and furnishings, but in that often neglected corner, the kitchen.

But this article does not intend to speak of the need of new paint, new pots and pans and fresh curtains, necessary and desirable as they are. Its purpose is to discuss the word "locate" and its application to the fittings of the kitchen.

This is a word borrowed from the factory and the shop, and means the placing or location of tools and machines so that the worker will be saved all useless motion and walking.

The Whitefoot Photo Service
AMATEUR FINISHING
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Phone 54, Macleod

I think I may have told my readers of a visit to a factory and how I stood next the workbench of a man assembling part of one of the machines made there. Over the bench was a strip of wood in which were fastened about a dozen different tools needed for the job. To the front and side were small, sign-like boxes with partitions, each filled with separate kinds and sizes of screws and other small metal parts.

The man stood in front of the bench, and by the swift motions grasped the needed tool with one hand and the parts from the boxes with the other, thus assembling a machine with marvellous speed. In other words, every tool and supply needed for that particular job was "located" exactly at the right place.

Now, while speed in itself is not so desirable in household, we should always be trying to see how we may save useless effort for the woman in the home. Can we "re-locate" the house tools just as is done with the factory tools?

I went into a kitchen the other day, and as my eye roamed about the walls I noticed that there were two egg-beaters hanging on the wall. The potato-masher also hung over the sink. I unconsciously asked myself, "Does Mrs. Jones beat eggs in her sink or mash potatoes there?"

Of course she does not. When she wants to use the egg-beater she walks to the sink, takes down the

beater and carries it to a table perhaps fifty feet across the room. When she wants to mash potatoes she takes the masher down from the wall, goes back and forth before she begins the actual job itself.

If I were Mrs. Jones I would "re-locate" all the equipment in my kitchen. I would look at every pot and pan and ask myself where these are most useful. If on the stove, they should be placed somewhere near it, so that they may be grasped right at the point of use, without tearing it to pieces. If a knife is to be used, it should be placed at the point where it is most frequently used.

Where are the kitchen knives? In a table drawer which must be walked to, opened, shut and a long trip made back with the knife? Or are they hung up, as they should be, in a special rack over the stove, where they are most commonly used?

Over my kitchen sink hang aluminum quiet and pint measure, and frequently persons ask me "Why?" I reply that they are constantly used in the kitchen, and that it is very handy to have them hanging over the water supply where they are within easy reach when needed.

Another example of "location" in my own kitchen is that of the tea and coffee and their respective pots. On a narrow shelf are placed a tea

cassiter and teapot, and adjoining a glass coffee jar and pot.

When one desires to make either of these beverages it is only necessary to lift the two hands, taking the tea in one and the coffee in the other, and lay both on the table with one motion.

In the table is a drawer holding spoons to measure with, and the stove is only a few inches to the left.

Contrast this example of good "location" with the time and motion that would be necessary if the teapot were kept on a shelf over the sink and the tea cassiter placed on a shelf in a pantry often as much as fourteen feet outside of the kitchen floor limit.

Yet women often wonder why housework is so tiring and look with envy on the work of men in factories as being "so easy." The latter is easy solely because both the tools and the materials are "assembled," or at least "located," before the man touches his actual work.

Go into your kitchen this week and make a real study of the shelves and closets and hodge where your kitchen fittings are placed. Analyze the location of each tool and ask yourself if it is in the place where it can be most easily found when needed.

Hearth-Glow and Homespun

(By Polly Poole)

(Copyrighted by British & Colonial Press, Limited.)

MAKING A FIRELESS COOKER

The other day I was kept indoors by a cold when there were a million things I wanted to do outside. When I have a cold I hate to sit still and think about it. It always seems much worse that way. So I wondered if I couldn't find something particularly interesting and profitable to do with my disappointing day. A big, yellow biscuit box gave me the clue. I would make a fireless cooker. I had always wanted to try one. I had heard that quite a satisfactory one could be made at home, with no stove nor any other expensive fitting. All I had on hand with which to work was the biscuit tin, a lad with a well-fitting cover and handle, some odds and ends of linoleum, some excelsior and a piece of white cotton.

I packed tightly into the bottom of the biscuit box a layer of excelsior two or three inches deep. On this I placed a square of linoleum large enough for the lid to rest on without coming to the edge. Then I took the lid and fitted a strip of linoleum tightly around it, tapping the ends and sewing it into the cylindrical shape with a heavy needle and waxed linen thread. The lid would slip easily in and out of this receptacle, and it was necessary to cut small openings to accommodate the ends and sewing it into the cylindrical shape with a heavy needle and waxed linen thread.

With the lid inside, to keep it firm, I stood the cylinder of linoleum upon the little square of floor prepared for it, and pushed excelsior tightly around it, and right out to the corners of the box. This method I made level with the cover of the tin, and then, lifting the lid out, I cut a piece of linoleum just the size of the interior of the box, and having a round hole to exactly fit the open top of the cylinder. After making sure that the lid would still slip into its little nest, and the cover fit snugly I made a square cushion of excelsior, covered with white cotton, which I laid upon the remaining four sides of the tin, and then, having placed the lid at the top of the box, I closed the lid to fit down close.

The first thing I made in the new fireless cooker was soup. I had the bones left from a roasted chicken. These I broke up into a size suitable for my pot, put in a tablespoonful of washed rice, covered with cold water (as much as the receptacle would conveniently hold) and after it had come to a boil I kept simmering for fifteen minutes. After which I quickly put the cover on, slipped all the excelsior and left it there until the night was excellent.

Perdure, too, I made over night, getting it thoroughly started on the gas stove and heating it up again in the morning. I air it is little as possible after it has begun to cook, especially if it is made from one of the fished cereals. For if one does it becomes a veritable "mash," a word I define as a description of one's breakfast cereal.

If one does the contrary, after the dry meal has been thoroughly heated, one leaves the peridure to let the grains stand out and it is delicious. Cereals are much more wholesome when they are cooked for a long time. Doctors sometimes advise for children who cannot digest them, that they be cooked for four hours and the result is almost always successful.

Hair Health Hints

(By Lisa Cavallini, The Most Famous Living Beauty.)

When the hair at the ends does not split it continues to grow, and is likely to acquire a length such as has not belonged to it before. In cutting, therefore, see that only the newest, true hair is removed, with the longest part that has already grown in two or three times as long as it is.

Your hair is very likely not even in the best of health. To keep it in the best of health, cut it off all around comb out your hair smoothly and evenly. If you have a tendency to split ends, cut them off at the point where they are most commonly used.

Over my kitchen sink hang aluminum quiet and pint measure, and frequently persons ask me "Why?" I reply that they are constantly used in the kitchen, and that it is very handy to have them hanging over the water supply where they are within easy reach when needed.

Another example of "location" in my own kitchen is that of the tea and coffee and their respective pots. On a narrow shelf are placed a tea

But it is also necessary to keep it scrupulously clean. Wash your hair at least once a month whether you think it needs it or not.

In order to be sure that the dandruff on your scalp is adequately removed, massage the roots of the hair the night before washing with pure vasoline or castor oil or coconut oil. This will soften the dead cells or dandruff, and the water and soap will do the rest of the work.

Place in your wash basin a bit of washing soda—just a mere particle—before the water. In addition to this use castile soap with which to make a lather. Wash the hair thoroughly, using your fingers to massage your fingers, and if more soap is needed rub it on your hands first and not your hair. Your first water must be more than just lukewarm in order to act as a cleanser. Your rinsing water may be of a lower temperature, cold, if you like for the summer hair wash.

Wrap your hair in a Turkish towel and place it in a knot on your head. In about a half-hour's time remove the towel and take a chair into the sunny part of your back yard, and throw your hair strands to the sun and wind.

Let your hair hang like a curtain over your front and back, so as to prevent sunburn and to give your scalp all possible benefit of the air and sun. The elements act like a tonic for the hair and scalp; the wind tends to the removal of dandruff and makes the hair fluffy and wiry enough for you to be able to "do what you want" with it.

A thorough hair wash about once a month is not sufficient to keep the scalp dry matter moving rapidly in the scalp. A dry massage with the fingers every night is also necessary.

When massaging at night use only the tips of your fingers, and move the fingers at a time can do the work well. As the fingers of one hand meet those of the other the scalp is moved and rotated, so that the desired rapid flow of the blood-stream is secured, and this brings with it the needed food for the hair roots.

Besides a dry massage, it is well to prepare a regular shampoo for the hair every week or two. This may consist of green soap and alcohol, in the proportion of two ounces of soap to one ounce of the alcohol. Mix this well and add one ounce of the preparation to two ounces of water. Mix again and apply with the finger tips.

You will find this preparation of special value if your hair has begun to fall either because of previous carelessness or for some other reason. In that event, it is well to wash the hair frequently with this preparation, and to soak the scalp with the shampoo, and to soak the scalp each time with some oil in order to soften the dry skin. A little borax or ammonia is a good cleanser and will be applied to the scalp in the wash-water every now and then.

When the falling of the hair has commenced to subside you may use some normal conditioner, that is, you may reduce the number of times for which you wash the hair. However, every night and every morning, too, if you have time, should never be omitted.

Massage, either dry or applied with a piece of vasoline or coconut oil, is in a while a good way to prevent dandruff of the scalp.

Try to let the hair on your head be a bit on your hair one or two days to remove fine particles of dirt and make your hair smooth and shiny.

Try to let the hair on your head be a bit on your hair one or two days to remove fine particles of dirt and make your hair smooth and shiny.

When you put up your hair so that the pins do not scratch your scalp or break the hair, remember that this reason it is better to use a bone rather than a steel hairpin.

Ready-to-Use Materials

Clothes for springtime may be made up and lovely with the use of the new ready-to-use materials; even home-made frocks assume an attractiveness difficult to distinguish from those made by the cleverest seamstress.

It is a simple matter to fashion a smart frock when one begins with an unbroken piece of navy tricotine. A plain blouse, round of neck and brief of sleeve, and cuffed with a bit of silver embroidery cut from the crease section of the material. And the skirt, too, is charmingly simple, consisting of one piece, seamed in the back and shirred a little at the belt. When one makes this frock in silver-colored Canton crepe and allows the embroidery to form a deep border at the bottom, the result is a dress that is, indeed, correctly frocked.

A model similar to this might be developed in black crepe, but fully as good, even at the hips. An elastic run through a casing will confine the fulness. Gold thread embroidery and full embroidery so rapidly and so easy to operate.

Beautiful sleeveless over-dresses are offered at surprising reductions just now and come in black, white, silver, and gold. American beauty and midnight blue. One robe of silver or sparkles on gray net and provided full, satisfactory so rapidly and so easy to operate.

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Spring Millinery

FOR
Ladies and Children

Untrimmed Shapes
Flowers and Ribbons

FANCY WAISTS
CREPE, SILK AND VOILE

Stamped Linens
Fancy Goods

MISS A. M. WILSON

RUSSELL'S

WATCHES---

Waltham, Elgin, Rector, Hamilton, Illinois
in all grades and sizes.

Special:—
Gold-filled Brazelet Watch, 15-jewel, guaranteed \$15.50

SILVERWARE---

We carry an exceptionally large stock of both Holloware and Flatware, in 1847 Rogers, Community, Standard Silver and Duchess Plate.

Special:—
Community Tea Spoons, 1 Dozen in Box \$2.15

CHINA---

Aynley, Tuscan, Cullinwood, English, Quality China—Cups and Saucers from \$1.35 up

R. W. RUSSELL
Jeweler Optician

FINANCIAL ASSISTANCE

MAY BE REQUIRED FOR THE PROTECTION OF YOUR ASSETS OR THE MAINTENANCE OF YOUR FAMILY. THIS COMPANY NAMED AS EXECUTOR UNDER YOUR WILL IS IN A POSITION TO AFFORD SUCH ASSISTANCE IN THE EVENT OF YOUR DEATH.

CORRESPONDENCE INVITED.

THE TRUSTS and GUARANTEE COMPANY, LIMITED
228—Eight Ave. West—Calgary, Alberta

YOU WILL PUT YOUR O. K. ON OUR WORK

When you give us a pair of shoes to repair and they come back to you, looking like the pair you bought several months ago, you will be more than willing to stamp your O. K. on the job, won't you? Why not? You save money, get back your old comfortable pair ready for months of wear, and your feet are grateful.

J. A. LEMIRE
Shoe Repairer Macleod

Massey Harris Co.

Power-Lift Tractor Plows

with all the latest improvements and Quick Detachable Shares—Great West Sulky and Gang Plows with or without Power Lifts.

Spring Tooth and Stiff Tooth Cultivators — Spring Tooth Harrows — Lever Harrows.

SPECIAL
3 sets West-Ho Wood Harrows, 24 feet. A snap—See them at once.

R. J. E. GARDINER
MACLEOD ALBERTA

CURRENT EMPRESS THEATRE ATTRACTIONS

COULD NOT MARRY BEFORE
SISTER IS WED

Strange Oriental Custom Demands
That Older Girl Have Husband
Before Sister Marries

Among nations, as a rule, customs differ, and probably the most interesting and weird of all customs are those which have to do with marriage. In Turkey, for example, there are many customs which Europeans or Americans would find it difficult to understand and even more so to accept. One of the most inconceivable customs practiced in Turkey is that requiring the marriage of daughters. In the event of there being two or more daughters, until the elder is married, the younger has to suffer single blessedness. In fact, the younger daughter have been the recipient of many beneficial offers, if the elder daughter is still unmarried, then she is not at liberty to accept them.

To cite an instance: Jenek's husband has been asked in marriage by Prince Laila Mullova, and after she has refused, it is desired that she should marry the imperial ambassador, who is the influence affairs of state, he strictly adheres to the customs of his religion and refuses to give consent to the union, even though state affairs suffer.

Turkey is noted for its severity of customs and the man or woman who departs from customary procedure is ostracized and considered by his fellow countrymen and women more or less a renegade.

Built up on this custom has been written the most farcical story, "The Slim Princess," in which Mahomed Ali has ever appeared. In her endeavor to get married, thereby leaving her younger sister free to fall into the holy state of matrimony, she tries all sorts of devices, but the recommended medicines for the purpose of becoming of sufficient proportions to draw towards her the suitor of the youth of Moravia. These attempts and her antics, all for the sake of her younger sister, have earned her the greatest facilities to reveal her comely affections, of which she takes full advantage.

This Galloway picture will appear at the Empress Theatre, for two days, commencing Friday.

Everyday Religion
(By Dr. Thurlow Fraser)

"THE SIMPLE GOSPEL"
The benediction had been pronounced, and the young minister passed down the aisle speaking to members of his church. He walked slowly and walked slowly with the help of a cane. He had been a soldier in the war, and had lost a leg.

A thick-set man with a porcine countenance and an aggressive bearing, he walked slowly with the help of a cane. He had been a soldier in the war, and had lost a leg.

"I am sorry that you have taken of me, Mr. Granpham," said the minister. "But since you are so blunt with me, I may as well be frank with you. Unless you learn to run this business by the teachings of Jesus Christ, you will never learn the way to heaven through Jesus Christ."

"I warn you, sir," said the porky, crimson-faced man, "that I'll stand no more of this. If I cannot get the simple gospel in this church, there are others where I can get it."

The young minister did not reply. He knew that they could never agree, or even understand each other. The one was a war veteran who had made rich in these brief four years, the other out of the Canadian army. The other had marched and suffered in some of the material the professor supplied, fought and been crippled for life at \$10 per week.

He turned from the ruffing pretty exterior to a quiet woman in black. He had been one of the first to see the woman who had laid away her son at the cemetery at Villers-la-Belle. (Some of you will remember the film of the railway crossing with hundreds of French graves first; then thirty-eight German in one long trench; then the remainder of it, right up to the little mortuary unit, the resting-places of Canadians.)

He heard no harsh word from her, as he understood, as he interpreted, Christ's gospel of sacrifice, Christ's gospel of suffering, Christ's gospel of giving that others might have life. They both understood Christ's gospel of crucifying our lower selves in order that our higher selves might have life.

The mistake made by that professor is a very common one. He has put life into two compartments. In one, a very little compartment, he kept his religion. In the other, a hundred fold larger, he kept his business. These two had no more dealings with

"THE LAW OF THE YUKON" AT
EMPRESS THEATRE

Charles Miller's Production, a Whirling and Moving Story of the Klondike and Its Opening to Fortune Seekers

On Monday and Tuesday film will be shown to the Empress Theatre when Charles Miller's "The Law of the Yukon," based on Robert W. Service's famous poem of the same name and presented by Mayflower Photo-play Corporation, will be the principal feature of the bill, which includes Harold Lloyd in a special comedy, "Get Out and Get Under."

"The Law of the Yukon" portrays the motives and passions of men and women who are drawn to that frigid region by the lure of gold; their intense manner of living; how they work hard and play equally hard; their deep loves and deep hates; their sense of fair play and rigid justice.

The love affair is deep and gripping and is as crisp and invigorating as the air of the far north country. Charles Miller's knowledge of the early days of the Klondike has made possible the true interpretation of Robert W. Service's immortal lines: "This is the Law of the Yukon, that only the Strong shall survive; That surely the Weak shall perish, and only the Fit survive."

This incident occurs in Mahomed Ali's latest picture in the Empress Theatre, "The Slim Princess," which comes to the Empress Theatre for two days commencing Friday.

"Society Snobs," the latest Senick Picture for two days' run at the Empress Theatre, is said to be one of the frankest exposures of society as presented by the nouveau riche, ever screened.

The Foresters have no recently risen from obscurity to riches that Mother Forester wish to hitch their social reins to a foreign nobility through the marriage of her daughter.

Her carefully laid plans, in spite of every social custom, to naught and her social aspirations tumble to earth and are buried under the feet of the social world. Then Mother Forester takes the shaping of her own hands and brings the story to a satisfactory close.

Conway Tearle is star in this picture, and the direction was under Harold Henley. Martha Mansfield plays opposite Mr. Tearle, and Mr. supporting cast includes such famous players as Ida Darling, Jack McLean, Hamilton Gordon and others.

Patrons of a Boston restaurant noticed tacked on the wall a sheet of paper on which was printed in bold letters:

"The umbrella in the stand below belongs to the champion heavyweight fighter of the world. He is coming right back to his home."

Five minutes later umbrella and paper had disappeared. In their place was another notice:

"Umbrella is now in possession of the champion Marathon runner of the world. He is not coming back. Thank you."

The man who boasts of the things he can do seldom does them.

ILL TELL YOU HOW THE SUN RISES
A ribbon at a time. The steeples swarm in anemities, the new cupolas rise.

The hills untied their bonnets, The bushes lifted their skirts. I said softly to myself, "That must have been the sun!"

But how he set, I know not. The sun set like a purple tide. Which little yellow boys and girls Were climbing all the while.

Till when they reached the other side, A dome in gray. Put down the evening bars, And led the flock away.

—Evelyn Dickinson

There is no more wonderful thing in the universe than the simple gospel. God's message of love in Jesus Christ, which even a little child can understand. But too often it is, in the words of the prophet, a "refuge of lies" by those who do not want a practical gospel applied to their worldly affairs.

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DANCING FAT GIRL AMUSES
WITH "SHIMMYING"

Whirling Mass of Obesity in Miss Norman's Latest Photoplay Wins Applause of Onlookers

Alexander H. Pike, American stork king visiting Movietone, sat down on a porch and gazed up the deserted street. The certainty in a sleep, he ruminated, and settled him self for a long and comfortable nap. But before he had a chance to fall asleep, excitement seemed to break out somewhere in the near vicinity and Pike rose from the porch with a determination to find the cause.

A young man dashed passed him, as though pursued by demons. Pike followed him curiously and called, "What's wrong?" The fellow stopped but could not get his breath to reply and pointed up the street in the direction of the noise. Pike hurried to wards the crowd, observed his way through, and saw a young woman who he judged weighed not less than three hundred pounds, making some slow motion with her arms and legs and a most dignified expression on her face.

She slowly tripped around the circle that the crowd had left for her, until she reached Mrs. Merrick and she stopped, as if she were a trapped animal. Away from the crowd, and a couple of dozens of people, she went mad with her arms and legs and a most dignified expression on her face.

"She is dancing," said a man standing beside Pike, "that strenuous exercise surely will spoil her superb figure," and with a gesture of deep despair, he turned away. Pike all but smiled with surprise at the revelation.

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Macleod Fathers & Sons Banquet

At the regular monthly meeting of the Macleod Fathers and Sons Banquet, given by the mothers and sisters of the boys, was the grandest affair that has been given in Macleod and the 58 boys who sat down to the full extent. They all sat down together, and ate to their own satisfaction.

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Regular Meeting Hospital Board

At the regular monthly meeting of the Hospital Board were present: Pres. Matheson; Rev. Lewis, A. Grady, F. Morris, C. W. Stevens, J. E. Gardiner, A. D. Ferguson, R. McNeil and Secretary McNay.

After routine business, at motion of A. D. Ferguson and R. J. E. Gardiner, the board decided to appoint McNay and R. T. McNeil as a committee to interview the Union Bank for financial assistance to pay all past due accounts—Carried.

The visiting committee's report recommended that screen doors and windows be put in place at once and new ones procured where necessary. That the ground below the hospital be cultivated for garden purposes. Recommendation was also made that tenders for all supplies wherever possible be asked for to cover a period of three to six months. Also recommended that wholesale visiting be carried out, etc., were extremely favorable.

Gardiner Ferguson—That report of visiting committee be received and considered clause by clause—Carried. McNay—That the board be a committee to deal with screen door and window necessities, with power to act and that C. W. Stevens be authorized to act in connection therewith—Carried.

Ferguson-McNeil—That President Matheson, R. J. E. Gardiner and Rev. Kennedy be a committee to attend to matters pertaining to making of garden with power to act—Carried.

Gardiner-Morris—That the matter of regulations regarding visitors to hospital be presented to President Matheson and Secretary McNay—Carried.

Adjournment.

Better Than Pills for Laver Pills.
You can't feel good but when you will make you feel better.

A. D. FERGUSON, Druggist

J. S. LAMBERT CONTRACTOR AND BUILDER
Shop Phone No. 4 House Phone No. 82 MACLEOD - ALBERTA

BEST EQUIPMENT BEST SERVICE
Widest Range of Seasonable Foods

Ice Cream, Candies, Soft Drinks, Tobaccos, Cigars

THE SILVER GRILL
showing of latest in above goods.

You will put your O.K. on any shoe repair work done by J. A. Lemire.

See D. R. Carse for that job of plumbing, gas fitting or steam fitting—Prompt and efficient service guaranteed.

Eggs and Poultry Market Service—The U.P.A. Store is now handling this season's eggs in and at the highest prices.

For all kinds of building and contracting—general carpenter work—go to W. Stevens, 24th St., opposite Times Office.

You can sell that second hand furniture to advantage if you go to H. Pitkin & Co. Auctioneering solicited to sell for you.

Special Spring Sale—half-inch plows for Ford, Overland and Studebaker cars—guaranteed—50¢ each—Get them from Dilworth & McPherson.

John F. Canning's White Wyandotte look well—pay well—Get busy if you want hatching eggs. See his advertisement.

Don't fail to read the special announcement of the Macleod Supply Grocery, who have just received a special consignment of China and glassware at attractive prices.

A thriller—yes, but an exceptionally good that to taste it thrill the sense—Bawden's Family Lard—The Best Bread on Earth.

Go to Lambert for estimates on this building and other carpenter work—know from his record he will give you satisfaction. Shop phone 4—House phone 52.

\$50 to \$5,000 A YEAR FOR LIFE

A CANADIAN GOVERNMENT ANNUITY PROVIDES IT

—No better life investment available
—No better security obtainable
—Can be secured at lowest price for any sum
—Will be replaced if lost, stolen or destroyed
—No need to make deposits
—Free from Dominion Income Tax
—No need of annuities required
Anyone over the age of 15 years resident or domiciled in Canada
Any two persons may purchase jointly.
Employees may purchase for their employees—school boards for their teachers—congregation for their ministers.
Apply to your postmaster or write, enclosing form, to B. T. Beaudet, Superintendent of Annuities, Ottawa, for new book (free) and other information desired.
State age and age last birthday.

Public School Honor Roll

Grade 1, Jr.—Hugh Young, Frank Tibbe, Jack Gillespie, Joyce Jackson, Betty Duff.

Grade 1, Sr.—(A): Jack Greenwood, Bob Toogood, George Bell, Harry Faint, Jack Carter, (B): Christopher Conway, David Conway, James Allan, Edith Hill, Edith McNeil, Gwen Hill, Grade 10, Pauline, Edith Arner, Grade 11—Isabel Hutton, Gladys Conway, Rath Arner and Albert Bell (equal), May Arner, David Grier, Harold Young.

Grade 12—Alan Gordon, Oliver Gardiner, Millie Arner, Murray Meers, Richard Butler, Jack Fraser, V. J. Tordis, Carlisle, Alfred Wyck, Elsie Hutton, Grace Bennett, Jack Little and Doris Gibson (equal), Grade 13—John Russell and Betty Charlton (equal), Doris Gibson, John Macleod and Jean Gibson (equal), Lucy Wood and Mary Reid (equal), Grade VII—Marjorie Arner, Fred Gibson, Doreen Miller, Margaret Brewster, Ruth McLean, Dorothy Embury.

Grade VIII—Ruth Palmer, Clinton Kozs, Douglas Russell, May Fawcett, Olive Leitch, Nora Bruce.

ANNUAL SELF-DENIAL APPEAL
A Great Change

In 1920, fifty-six years ago, one man without money—misunderstood—sneered at—persecuted—tortured and right amongst the poor, the outcast, the criminal, the prisoner, the fallen—determined at all cost to help make the world better, cleaner, and more Godlike. That man was William Booth.

In 1921, the present time, a mighty army of earnest men and women—in 70 different countries and colonies—speaking 42 different languages—with 22,008 handmen giving all their absolutely free—employing 24,562 officers—continually telling amongst criminals, unfortunate and sinners, the story of the life of Jesus, the poor, the sick, the homeless, the friendless, the leathen—its work acknowledged and honored—its nations' rulers and governments everywhere—the world's greatest army of Social Service workers—its influence effect same, practical methods that secure permanent and far-reaching results. This army is The Salvation Army.

Why Change?
The Salvation Army must not change either its aims, or its methods—it must go on. The great field of opportunity is ever widening—the demand for Salvation Army officers and institutions is every increasing.

Are you interested in the destitute, the unfortunate, the famine-stricken, the friendless. Would you like to help us in our great world-wide efforts for world betterment?

This our annual Self-denial Appeal is your opportunity. We urgently need \$100,000 and shall appreciate every dollar.

If no one calls on your contribution be sent to the nearest Salvation Army Corps, or to the following location: The Salvation Army, Territorial Headquarters, 319 Carlton Street, Winnipeg, Man. Cheques should be made payable to the Salvation Army.

The way to keep full from saying mean things about you is to stop doing mean things.

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EMPRESS THEATRE, WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY NEXT WEEK

